

THE LAST CARGO OF SLAVES. Colony of African Negroes Still Living on Georgia Plantation.

Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle. Probably the most interesting character hereabouts is a negro man, who was one of the cargo of the Wanderer, the last slave ship to bring to this country a load of captives from Africa. Lucius Williams, as he was christened by one of the young ladies of the family into which he was sold, or "Umwalla," as he was callen in Africa, lives in a small but on the outskirts of Hamburg, across the river from here. Since freedom he has earned a livelihood working gardens, sawing wood and whitewashing. He was a little surprised when asked about his early life, but talks well once he has begun, requiring to be questioned frequently, however. Umwalls was born in Guines, according to his story, not in Inberia. One day when he was about ten years of age, he was sent to his aunt to carry her some pinders to plant. When he was going through the woods two strange black men seized him and bound his hands. He cried terribly, and they soon gagged him. They sold him to a native, who took him to Liberia. There, for the first time in his life, he saw a white man, and he was terribly frightened at him.

Umwalls was then taken to the Wanderer, where a large number of captives had already been stored away in the hold. The passage over was fraught with untold terrors to the young savage. A storm was encountered, and for days the hold was fastened up and numbers of the negroes died from sickness caused by the foul air. There were a number of ferocious men among the cargo who had to be kept in chains. When the Wanderer approached the South Carolina coast she was sighted by a government boat and given chase. During the night she dropped anchor off Pocataligo, and the cargo of negro men and women was debarked. Umwalla, or, as he was soon afterward called, Lucius, was taken to a Carolina plantation near

Beach island and put to work there. Lucius is very fond of the "white folks," as he styles the family of his old master and mistress, and frequently calls to see them-walking several miles to do so. The style of punishment followed among his tribe was to break the culprit's neck by a sudden wrench from a forked

Lucius tells, in his quaint way, of the interesting features of slavery. No negro woman was permitted, however gorgeous her toilet otherwise, to wear a veil or gloves. Negro men were neither permitted to carry a walking-cane nor smoke a cigar on the streets. They could not remain away from the quarters after 9 o'clock at night without a permit from their master.

He is not lonesome here, for on a neighboring plantation-Capt. Benjamin Tillman's placeare many negroes from his old home, and they frequently meet and converse in African. They do not attempt to impart the language to their children, he says, and of course all vestiges of it, save what they have engrafted on the Southern patois, must soon die out.

TOOTHMARKS IN AN APPLE. A Slight Clew That Led to the Speedy Arrest of a Georgia Burglar,

The Telegraph's Hazlehurst correspondent made mention yesterday of the arrest and committal of a negro named Chandler Jones, for burglarizing the store of J. L. Milton, at that place, on the night of the 18th. Jones was bound over in the sum of \$1,000. The circumstances of his detection are peculiar, and the work was done by detective E. A. Wilson, of Shackelford's agency, at Macon. It shows how that efficient officer seized upon a slight clew and followed it to a successful result.

When he arrived at Hazlehurst he made an examination of the store, and found that the double door had been unlocked by the insertion of a chisel between the doors and gradually working the bolt into the lock. He then made an examination of the store, but saw nothing in the way of a clew, except an apple out of which two bites had been taken. His detective instinct caused him to examine this apple, and he saw upon it tooth-marks that were valuable. He saw that the two front teeth of the bites were not only irregular, but peculiar. He imagined that when the biter was a boy an oid tooth remaining in the gum caused a new tooth to grow one-sided, and it was now his resolve to find the man with that ingrowing tooth. The apple was placed in water so as to prevent its shriveling, and, keeping his secret to himself, he went down to Bixley, where he knew there were a

number of loafing negroes. He found a group in a store, and in the center of it was a real negro dude, and he was standing in an attitude that would have shamed a New York swell. The detective instinct came into play again, and Mr. Wilson was certain that the dude was the man he wanted, but it was necessary to put him to test. Walking into the store he bought a cigar. Then seeing some apples he bought a dime's worth, and, biting one, said to the crowd, "Here, I can't eat all these," and treated the group with the apples. His eyes were upon the dude, and when that individual took one bute the detective was dead sure of his man, and when he raised the apple to his mouth for a second bite the handonffs were placed on his wrist. There never was a more astonished negro. He was under arrest so quickly that he was unable to offer any resistance, and submitted to the hand-He was wearing a suit of stolen from Mr. Bussey, of Chauncey, and a fine watch and chain taken from Mr. Milton. After placing Jones in the lockup, the detective found where he was stopping, and then he secured the valise with a number of Milton's goods, and in the valise were the little cards attached to the clothing and on which were Milton's cost and selling marks.

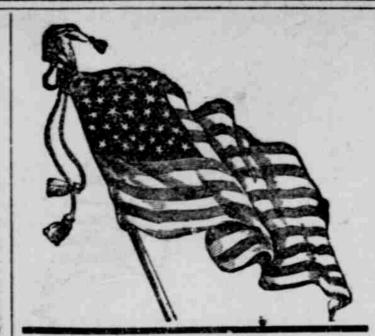
Jones was then taken to Hazelburst, and at the store showed how he went in with two others and made the haul. When he first went in on the night of the .burglary, the first thing he saw was a barrel of apples. He picked up one, and after two bites laid it down on Mr. Milton's desk. He owned up to the entire affair and told where the other goods could be found. He also confessed to having robbed Mr. Bussey And thus another apple caused a man's down-

DEEP SEA DESOLATION.

The Ocean Bed a Desert of Slime After the

First Mile in Depth.

Despite the fanciful pictures which some writers have drawn of the ocean bed, its desolation, at least in its deepest parts, must be extreme. Beyond the first mile it is a vast desert of slime and coze, upon which is constantly dripping a rain of dead carcasses from the surface, which carcases supply the nourishment for the scanty fauna inhabiting the abysmal region -in some places more than five miles from the sunshine-and the microscope reveals that the slimy matter covering this deepest ocean bed is very similar in composition to the ancient chalk of the cretaceous period, while mixed with it here and there are minute metallic and magnetis bodies, which have been proved to be dust frem meteorites. At long intervals a phosphorescent light gleams from the head of some passing fish which has strayed hither from a higher and happier zone. But it is not until we have mounted a good deal nearer the surface that the scene changes for the better. We now meet with forests of brilliantly-colored sponges, while the phosphorescent animals swimming about are much more numerous; and the nearer we get to the littoral zone more and more phosphorescent lights appear, till at length the scene becomes truly animated. When only 1,200 feet separate us from the sunshine we come upon the first seaweed and kelp (1,200 feet is the deepest limit of plant life in water); but we must rise still another 1,000 feet and more, and get as near the top as 120 feet before we find any reef-building corals. As plants do not live in deep sea, the deep-sea animals either prey on one another or get their food from dead organism and plants which sink down to them. Thus Maury says: like the snow with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of microscopic shells." And experiment proves that a tiny shell would take about a week to fall from the surface to the deepest depths. Since sunlight does not penetrate much further than the littoral zone, there would be beyond this perpetual darkness, except for phosphorescence. Many of the animals inhabiting the continental and abysmal zones have merely rudimentary eyes; but these blind creatures have very long feelers, which help them to grope their way along the bottom. Other deep-sea animals, on the contrary, have enormous eyes, and these very likely congregate around such of their number as are phosphorescent, and may



on many of the fish brought up by the dredge that during the brief space the animals survive it is not difficult to read by it.

The reason why fishes and mollusks living more than three miles under water are able to bear a pressure of several tons is that they have exceedingly loose tissues, which allow the water to flow through every interstice and thus to equalize the weight. When the pressure is removed they perish. In the Challenger expedition sent out by the British government, all the sharks brought up from a depth of a little less than three-quarters of a mile were dead when they got to the surface.

A PRACTICAL HISTORY LESSON. How It Is Taught in Washington-Politics

Made Plain to Children. New York Mail and Express. History is taught in a novel way in Washington, and the pupils are taught in a practical way that seems worthy of emulation. According to a gentleman who recently went through a school

in that city, the following plan is pursued:
The other day he visited the room of Dr. Roush, the principal of the school in the Henry Building. He was motioned to a seat and the work of the school proceeded without interruption. It soon became apparent that something of unusual interest was taking place. The face of every member of the school was ablaze with interest and enthusiasm, and frequent "points of order" and "constitutional references" were suggested. The visitor saw that an election of some sort was taking place, and in due time the ballots were cast, tellers appointed and the votes counted. The result was the nomination of two presidential tickets, at which point the hour for closing had arrived and the school dis-

missed. "That," said Dr. Rush, answering the visitor's inquiry, "is a practical way of teaching history. We have just finished the study of that part of the Constitution pertaining to the election of the President and Vice-president, and now we are loing the practical work. The balloting you have just witnessed was in the convention, and we have now nominated our tickets. I divide the school into two factions or parties, and each party is allowed to nominate a ticket. The candidates are members of the school, and no little interest is taken in them. The pupils do the practical work, and when they are at a loss to know how to proceed the Constitution is consuited. After the electors are chosen they vote and send the result to the proper body. In case of a tie on either President or Vice-president we resolve ourselves into the House or Senate, as the case may be, and decide the contest. We do the work as nearly as possible that is actually done in our national elections, and in instead of reading what is usually dull constitutional matter, we take up the real work and study becomes one of intense interest to the scholars." "Do you find that the scholars have much of

an idea of an election here in the District of "No; not as much as those who live where

they may witness several elections a year, and this fact alone makes it doubly interesting to them. To-morrow, at the history hour, the electors will be chosen, and the manner of choosing them is the subject for study.

"I emphatically believe in teaching those under my care the practical application of knowledge. Knowledge that can't be applied is useless in the majority of cases. There is too much useless book lore taught everywhere. Girls and boys too frequently leave our public schools with their brain crammed with impracticable rubbish and data. They should be taught to think and reason, to develop and apply, to anslyze and construct. Such minds are in demand in practical life. Such men and women become the great and stanch motor powers of our land."

HE DOESN'T CALL NOW. The Swell Young Man Who Kissed the Pretty Housemaid.

New York Sun. The town gossips are now telling this story of Mrs. S. Van Rensselser Cruger, wife of the Republican nominee for the office of Lieutenantgovernor. She is an acknowledged society leader, and her parlors are eagerly sought by aspiring young men about town. Among frequent callers was a well-known, good-looking young man, upon whom half the feminine part of the upper 400 had lavished smiles which would easily turn the head of one less experi-

This lucky individual had gone to pay his respects to Mrs. Cruger. A servant had disappeared above stairs with his card, when a remarkably pretty housemaid entered the drawing-room where the young man was waiting, and proceeded to dress the lamps. The girl was so pretty, and her trim figure so appealing in a long and snew-white apron. that the gallant threw prudence to the winds and caught her in his arms. He was in the act of bestowing sundry violent caresses upon her tempting mouth, when a soft modulated voice, speaking in the calmest way, interrupted his elysium and turned his hot blood to ice. Mrs. Cruger's tall and elegant figure was standing in the doorway. She had come down sooner, perhaps, that was her wont, or maybe the kisses had been so sweet that the young man had lost track of the flight of time.

"Bridget," said the voice, "have I not always told you that you were to receive your company in the kitchen?"

Bridget fled. The ardent gallant didn't raise his eyes again, and when his senses told him that the coast was clear, he found the front deor without difficulty. Nowadays his card is missed from Mrs. Cruger's crowded receiver.

How to Save the Eyesight. Next to sunlight the incandescent light gives

the best illumination for reading, and all notions of the injurious effect on the eyes of the electric light are erroneous. The vast majority of people who wear glasses

can see well without them. They use them to avoid a constant strain on the eyes. The act of focalization is a muscular one, and uses up nerv-

The oversighted eye, in which the focus comes behind the retina, has to perform this muscular act continually. The results are headaches, ir ritability and nausea. The only remedy in such

cases is to wear glasses. The nearsighted child should wear spectacles, because they are the best preventive against increase of nearsightedness, and also because he loses a great part of his education in not being

able to see more than a few feet away.

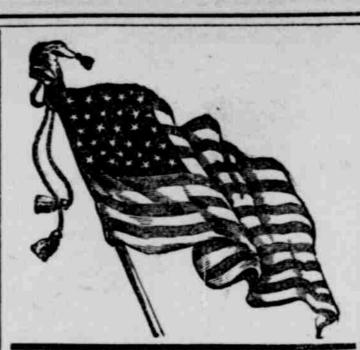
For the eyes in a healthy state there is but one safe wash-pure cold water. When the eyelids are inflamed the best lotion is a weak solution of salt and water. Never apply poultices to the eyes or use "eye waters" without the advice of a physician.

At the first symptoms of nearsightedness spectacles should be worn. There is a great deal of popular prejudice against spectacles, but there are two good reasons why they should be worn, and only two. One is that we see better, and the other that the strain on the eyes may

In reading, the book or paper should be held at a distance of from 10 to 15 inches from the eyes. The reader's position should be such that the light may fall on the book and not on the eyes. The light itself should be sufficient. Nothing is so injurious to the eyes as poor light in reading.

Women Without Escorts.

Detroit Tribune. This brings up the question of the propriety of ladies going to public places unattended by male escort. A few years ago this question agitated in no small degree the masculine mind, but as time has progressed the pros and cons as to the propriety of the movement have ceased to be a question. Women now simply go where they wish to and say nothing about it, whether it is proper or not, and that is exactly what they should do. A civilization which does not protect and respect women as well as men after night, is certainly in need of improvement, Look at the number of women, both old and young, who enjoy lectures, concerts and theaters, but have no male relative at hand to act as escort. Detroit is full of independent, selfsupporting women who like to go where when they please. They go in twos, threes and fours to whatever entertainment they care for, and nobody respects them any the less. Neither would they if necessity compelled them to go alone. A woman often goes to a concert or the theater, or evening service, for the rest and recreation it affords. If she has a companion, even of her own sex, she must be in a measure agreeable. If the companion is a man, who pays all the expenses and acts in the capacity of an escort, the lady feels it obligatory on her part to repay him by devoting herself to his eyes, ears and tongue, and the having to be agreeable becomes irksome unless he is her husband or a little dearer than one. perhaps follow the moving lamp-posts about In looking over any large mediation it is very and Sai



gentler and more emotional sex, and it would be a sorry day for any manager who made his place of amusement less than pleasant for unattended women.

PATTI'S NIECE.

She Describes the Home in Wales and How Life Goes There.

New Orleans Picayune. It is not often in real life that one sees a fairy tale come true, but there has recently returned to a little house on Ursulines street a little maiden who for a year and a balf has been living almost over again the wonderful story of "Cinderella." Her name is Carlina Patti, and the fairy godmother who summoned her from her quiet little home to be her companion in wonderful travels, and to share the wealth and splendors of a magnificent castle, is the great singer called Adelina Patti by some and La

Diva by others. The rain was falling in the most persistent and dreary fashion yesterday, when a Picayune representative knocked at the door of the little house on Ursulines street. In an instant there was a patter of high-heeled shoes across the gallery, and Carlina herself, with her short black hair curling around her face and a smile of welcome in her big black eyes, opened the door. She wore a delicious gown of pink flannel, a trifle open at the throat, trimmed with a quantity of soft white lace.

"I have just returned to America," she said, "ard bave not had time to arrange things," with a comprehensive sweep of her hand toward a couple of chairs piled high with feminine finery, dresses and cloaks, fans, slippers, boots—every-thing that goes to make up the toilet of a woman of fashion.

"Tell you something about my trip? Well you know that when Mme. Patti was here a year ago she wanted to adopt me and made arrangements for me to join her when she started home from her American tour. I went to St. Louis to join her, and since then have been with gal and South America, and afterward with her at Craig-y-Nos, her castle, in Wales. The castle-it is so beautiful you can hardly fancy it. Here are some pictures of it." And the little maiden brought two photographs showing the gray-turreted eastle, flanked by walls of mountains. In front ran a broad driveway and at one side was an artificial, heart-shaped lake with a silver thread of a river emptying into it. Another view showed broad steps leading down from the house to the park which lies in the valley of the Swansea.

"See," said Carlina, indicating the rooms, "this is the billiard room and this is auntie's bondoir. The walls are hung with crimson tapestry and the furniture is covered with crimson velvet. On the chairs and sofas are draped the ribbons, with the names painted on them, you know, that tied the wreaths the famous people in different countries have sent here. And on the walls are the photographs and the autographs that all the crowned heads in Europe have given. Next to this is her bed-room. Here the walls are hung with pale blue tapestry and the bed is draped in blue and is of rosewood. There are all sorts of silver and gold toilet articles, and on the desk is a wonderful paperweight, all set with diamonds, and rubies, and sapphires. Mme. Patti at the castle has a bowl of broth brought to her before she gets up; then she is dressed and spends the morning writing her letters or her memoirs, which she is going to publish. At noon lunch is served in the winter garden. The house is always full of guests." And the little maiden went over to the table and brought a handful of visiting cards, whereon were witten the names of many a house that flourishes in Burke's peerage, and the Almanach de Gotha.

"Sometimes, in the evening," she went on, "auntie would sing to us, but she goes to Craig-y Nos to rest, and she spends the time wandering about the beautiful mountains, or painting or embroidering, or simply doing nothing, and always she has with her her little Mexican dog President Diaz gave her.' "Is the report true La Diva is going to sell

the castle?" "Sell it? No, indeed, she is devoted to it. Why only last spring she bought all the mountains surrounding it so no one might spoil her

"Will you return to your aunt?" "I hardly know," was the reply. "Auntie wishes me to come and be her companion, but I shall not go in the stage. When I left she bade me bring only such things as I would need for a visit to New Orleans, so I only brought a few of my dresses."

By and by she brought out, half shyly, a jewel case where almost every article, diamonds, and sapphires, and rubies, and pearls, were gifts from the famous songstress. She took up a strand of pearls as big as peas. "This," she said, "was the first necklace ever given my aunt, and she gave it to me. And this," taking up a portbonheur bracelet of twisted gold, "she wore this a long time herself and gave it to me for luck. The others are lovely? Oh, of course, but they were bought. These were hers." And little Carlina wound round and round her wrist the string of pearls that had clasped La Diva's throat when men had only begun to

realize that she was the queen of song. Carlina Patti, living here with her mother, is the daughter of the late Carlo Patti, well known as an orchestra leader. Heaven has not given her the voice with which her father's distinguished sisters are gifted, but it has given her a | portionately. most generous aunt, who will see that she is well educated and lacks for nothing this very very charming young girl may need.

Crowder and the Crows.

Cedartown (Ga.) Standard. Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn so soon as it appeared above the surface. "I tell you how to get away with the crows," said neighbor Stokes.

"Get you a gallon of mean whisky and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. It beats pizen or shootin'."

In a few days farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's craps?" queried Stokes. "My corn's bodaciously ruint," replied Crowder dolefully. "I tried that 'ere scheme o' you'rn, and it's a dodrotten humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day, and next mornin' I went down to the new groun' to see how it'd worked." "Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'. I hearn a devil of a fuss down nigh the branch, and when I went to see what it was, thar was a dad blasted old crow what had gethered up all the whisky corn an' had it on a stump, an' he was a retailin' it out to the others, givin' 'em one grain o' that sort fur three grains o' my planted corn; and dinged of they hadn't clawed up that field by sections."

How Democratic Banners Are Made New York Press.

The way the Democratic banners of four years ago are made to do service this year is shown in a bill recently sent to the Tarrytown (N. Y.) Democratic Club.

"Taking off the curled points of Cleveland's mus-tache and making it hang down—for cleaning his coat and putting in new button-holes-giving him a good washing in varnish and repairing his background, \$5. For work done on Hendricks and making Thurman out of him-painting his eyes out and giving him a new pair-making cheek-bones smaller-putting on a pair of gray whiskers and dyeing his hair gray—putting dimples in forehead-cleansing and putting new braid around his cost-straightening his nose-giving him a new background and a good washing, as above, so as to make him look good. \$5.

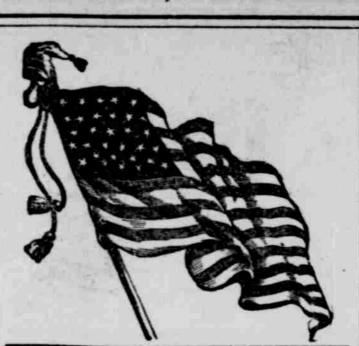
"Received payment of Mr. Robert Henry. "Painter, North Tarrytown."

Nebraska State Journal. "Your wife is no longer friendly with Mrs. Whiggins, I see. How is that?" "Well, Mrs. Whiggins is a great borrower. She borrowed nearly everything my wife had in the house, and it was taken goodnaturedly."

A Great Borrower.

"But the other day Mrs. Whiggins sent over to borrow my wife's hair to wear st a party, and the line was drawn."

Not Exactly Saints Washington Post. Judge Thurman cannot be charged with recklessness of statement or floridity of flattery in his utterances in Indiana. At Fort Wayne yesterday he referred to the "noble Governor," the "noble Senator Voorhees," and his "old friend Joe McDonald," as "the patriarchs and saints of the Democracy." We do not object to "pa-triarchs," but isn't Saint Isasc, Saint Daniel and Saint Joseph drawing it just a little strong.



THE PRINTERS' HARVEST.

Enormous Quantities of Printing Connected with a General Election. New York Times.

When one reckons the amount of printing which has to be done in the causes of the various political candidates during a presidential election one has to use millions as units of calculations. Printers regard elections as the time of manna in their wilderness of competition, for the men who have plant enough to get out the requisite number of ballots add to their annual incomes thousands of dollars. So great is the demand upon them, indeed, that they readily employ any compositor who comes along, be he cuion, non-union or that peculiar genius known to the initiated as the "tramp printer." The mail service is clogged with hundreds of thousands of pieces of mail which would never, at other times, find their way there, and the candidates discover the drafts upon their purses to be very serious.

There are in this city 856 election districts. For a week about a score of job printers have been busy turning out ballots for them. The two factions of the Democracy have their favorites for this work, but as a rule favoritism does not stand in the way of a low contract, and so the printing this year is pretty well divided. There are six parties and factions in this election, the County Democracy, Tammany Hall, Republicans, Citizens, Cooganites and Prohibitionists. The regular distribution of tickets takes place in this wise: When the printer has completed the ballots he sends them to the various headquarters. There the folding and "bunching" is usually done, and then the tickets are placed in bags containing 1,000 of each ticket for each election district. In some districts, owing to the enormous registration, the number will be added to, but the pro-portion will be sustained. There are eight tickets for each election district, presidential, State, judiciary, congressional, city and county, constitutional amendment, alderman, and assembly. Thus every party or faction will send bage of 8,000 tickets to the districts. As there are six contestants this would represent 48,000 ballots that will be distributed to each of the 856 districts. The total, therefore, for the city will be 41,248,000 ballots that will be sent to the voters through the regular channels. This great number, to be divided among some 286,000 voters, would suggest that each citizen might stuif a mattress with the contributions of the politicians, but there is often scarcely enough to go around. The question has been asked, "What becomes of the ballots?" as well as what becomes of the pins! The answer is the same:

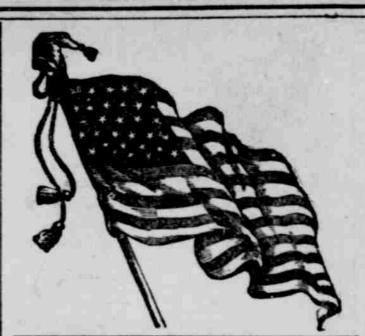
"Who knows?" But the ballots that are distributed through the regular channels are a small part of those that are actually sent to voters, as every one who uses his citizenship has occasion to know. Just about this time the voter is in the receipt of neatly addressed envelopes containing a circular from every candidate in his assembly district asking for his suffrage and inclosing as well two sets of ballots, that the barassed voter may not make any mistake about his choice. This would represent about 600,000 more ballots from a single faction, but none is less enterprising than the other, so the total is 3,600,000 additional slips of paper. The cost of getting these out is borne, in the case of the Democrats, by the factions. Tammany is always cautious, and holds the tickets of each candidate until his assessment for printing is received by the general committee. Then, if his check is found to be all right, the general committee bunches his ballots with the rest. The County Democrats do practically the same thing. With the Republicans it is every man for himself. Each candidate has his own printing done and pays for it out of his own pocket. The same is the rule with the Coogsnites and Prohibitionists. The total amount paid for this work, as estimated by an old war-horse of political printers yesterday, will be in the neighborhood of \$100,000.

Therefore, printers take a brief vacation after But ballots are, after all, but a part of the total amount of printing done. The most expensive of the other classes is the "paster." They cost \$1 a thousand to print, for they must be done very carefully. They always have mucilage on their backs, and each one is perforated so that it may be easily torn from the others. Millions of these independent little things are sent to voters at ordinary elections, but there is so much of the pastime of "knifing" expected in the present season that the number of pasters will be increased by half. It is safe to say there will be 50,000,000 of them distributed. At \$1 a thousand this would make a total of \$50,000. Then there are circulars which set forth the claims of the various candidates with the indorsements of more or less "prominent" citizens. No one knows how many of these are distributed, for each candidate selects the printer he finds can do the work for the least money, irrespective of parties. Besides these there are cards calling attention of the voter to some things in the career of the office-seeking citizen which are thought to be particularly praiseworthy. Last, but by no means least, come the big posters that appear at the polls and places of public resort, declaring that J. A. Somebody is running for office and desires votes. These posters are quite expensive because they use up so much paper. The great block letters do not require exceptional skill in composition, but they use up a lot of ink, and the printers charge pro-It is a somewhat interesting fact that the

Prohibition party has its ticket completed long ago they had handed in their entire list of candidates for legal offices to the printers, while the Democrats even yesterday had not completed their assembly and aldermanic nominations. The result of this has been that the first tickets received by voters this year have been of the Prohibition candidates, and so it will be safe to assume after election that the ballots cast for this cause will be polled after mature consideration, and not heedlessly. The mails have been so crowded during the last three or four days that the clerks in both the general postoffice and the various sub-stations have worked almost continuously. It was calculated by General Superintendent Richards yesterday that the number of pieces of mail matter was nearly double what it was at the last presidential election. Nor does there seem to be any immediate indication of a decrease in the amount. To-day and Monday the postoffices in all parts of the city will be filled to overflowing with election material of all kinds and all eizes, and the carriers will be taxed to the limit of human endurance. The superintendent of delivery in the general postoffice says that his force has been never worked so hard in his experience, though the branch offices have proportionately more work to do. The increase in the revenues of the local mail service, of course, has been enormous by this great demand for dispatching ballots and various documents, because for the most part every piece of mail requires a separate postage at the rate of 1 cent each. Roughly estimated, the business of the postoffice has been increased by nearly 16,000,-000 pieces of mail.

A DUKE AND HIS MONEY. A Russian Nobleman Who Lives Like an Oriental Potentate.

Paris Dispatch in London Daily Telegraph. Brilliant novelists and dramatists would undoubtedly find a subject worthy of study and description in the person of the Duke of Mondelfi, an opulent member of the important Russian colony in Paris. The Duke leads a life which resembles to a certain extent that of one of those Roman Emperors or Oriental potentates described by picturesque historians. He lives in a splended hotel in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne with his mother, Princess Woronzoff, who was sister of Prince Nicholas Troubetzkoi, and a member of the household of the Czar before her lawsuit with her nephew, Count Woronzoff, one of the Emperor Alexander's court marshals. The Duke of Mondelfi is reputed to have £80,000 a year, most of which he manages to spend in a magnificent manner. He never goes to bed until daylight does appear, and he generally gets up at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. After a meal, and extended at full length on a sumptuous divan, he receives his friends and visitors, his mother, the Princess, being present at the leves. On these occasions the Duke wears either a superb dressing-gown in ivory-colored plush, lined with satin of the hne of the peach and garnished with silver braiding and ornamented with jewels, or an ample jacket of heliotrope velvet, braided with gold and clasped together with ducal coronets studded with brilliants. While conversing with his visitors the host, it is said, toys with precious stones and diamonds of rare value, but polished and uneut. In the intervals of conversation a band of Neapolitan singers warble the melodious airs of sunny Italy, and these are succeeded by Tzigane musicians, who make the dural halls ring with their native wild



formance the leader of the band approaches the divan, kisses the hand of the most noble master of the house and receives his orders for the next morceau of demoniac music. Later in the evening the Duke repairs to a splendid cafe on the Boulevards, where he dines with his friends and listens once more to the fiddlers, to whom he distributes bountiful largesse in the shape of fistfuls of louis, while his guests quaff liberal bumbers of sparkling champagne in his honor. Such is an outline of the ordinary life of an aristocrat in this capital, which, despite its Spartan republicans and the lamentations of those who praise past days, is still evidently a rendezvous of the gay and the luxurious.

LESSONS OF WALL STREET.

They Are Hard, Merciless and Sometimes Pathetic, but They Teach.

Brayton Iyes, in North American Review.

It is a remarkable fact that Wall street is most successful teacher of humanity. Its lessons are hard, sometimes merciless, but they are effective. And sometimes, too, they are pathetic. During four years of active service in the late war I saw hosts of brave men and many deeds of even reckless daring. But I have met on the floor of the Stock Exchange men of as dauntless courage and steady nerve as could be found in any army. I have watched them fight a losing battle day after day, when their wealth was gradually wasting, and when every turn of fort-une's wheel made their positions worse. But they fought gamely to the end, with a cool bravery worthy of success. Sometimes, however, the overstrung nerves fail suddenly and a pistol shot ends a career which usually deserves at least some pity, but which rarely gets it. It is a proverb in Wall street that plenty of pluck and a good bank account will ruin any man. Nowhere can be found more striking exemplifications of the truth of the old saw, "that he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day."

Occasionally a bold and dashing genius scores cases is almost infinitesimal. The men who control affairs, who conduct great negotiations and who amass large fortunes are, as a rule, conservative to the verge of timidity.

Watchful of the signs of the times, and quick to take advantage of them, they never fellow popular movements to their end. Those who achieve the greatest success recognize the truth that the strongest combination in business affairs is a union of speculative and conservative elements. It is difficult to determine at times the line of demarkation between them. I suppose that whenever anyone buys, with a view to subsequent sale, anything for which at the time of purchase he does not see an existing demand, the transaction is a speculative one. This is as true of the small groceryman who buys fifty barrels of flour or potatoes more than his usual quantity, because he thinks circumstances indicate an advance in price, as it is of the trader in the Produce Exchange, who buys 50,000 barrels for the same reason. If the com-modities are actually bought and paid for in both cases, it is difficult to see why both are not equally legitimate. The test seems to be not so much in the kind of transaction as in the de-

But there is another class, numbering far more than is generally supposed, who consider themselves and who really are conservative, but who, nevertheless, are influenced by speculative impulses. They are the men and the women, too, (and I am bound to say that, proportionately, the women outnumber the men), who are content to go without present income from an investment, provided it promises large rewards in the future. I call them conservative because the gambling element of chance does not control their operations. They act only after a study, more or less careful and intelligent, of the facts in the case, and invest their money with patient confidence. This is the class which buys unimproved real estate, and stocks which do not pay dividends. They would be shocked, probably, to be told that they are the mainstay of Wall street. But it is true, nevertheless.

Nearly every one of our great railroads has been fostered by and reached prosperity through their support. The process is a familiar one, and has been repeated scores of times. A road is built, and the stock is pitched into the speculative arena, where it becomes a financial football. It is almost never successful at the outset. It gets involved in debt, becomes bankrupt, and the men who started it simply as a speculation lose money. There are not only no dividends, but there are often assessments. Meanwhile the country grows and business increases along the line. Gradually the stock is absorbed by this conservatively speculative class of investors. As the supply diminishes in the open market and the prospects of the road improve, it becomes easy for the professional speculators

to manipulate the price to suit themselves. If the speculators had to carry all the load, or could only sell to each other, their careers would be brief. But this small yet steady investment demand becomes after a while an important factor in their calculations, and they make the most of it. Where the cautious outsider buys ten or twenty shares the daring professional trader will buy as many thousand, and this is the reason why so many of them are ruined in stocks which prove profitable to the genuine investor. The speculator assumes too heavy loads and has to throw them overboard at a less on the appearance of a financial storm, while the man who has bought no more than he can pay for, waits patiently for the clouds to roll by. doors. Thirty years ago the stock of the New | gone to the White House. York & New Haven railroad was one of the speculative favorites of Wall street. It was even ultra fashionable, for the treasurer indulged in a fraudulent overissue of stock. The road did not pay dividends, and the price ranged from \$50 to \$60 per share. Gradually the stock was taken from the market until not enough remained there to satisfy the demands of the traders, and now, with the price above \$200 per share, transactions in it are few and in small amounts.

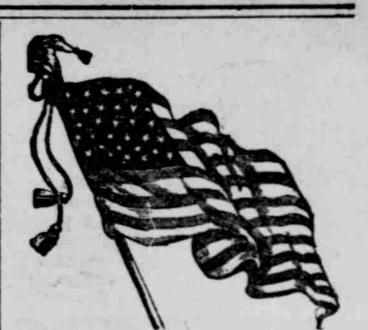
TOO MUCH EXERCISE.

A School-Girl Said to Have Been Paralyzed by Calisthepics.

Philadelphia Record. The calisthenic drill by Section 3, of Class C of the Girls' Normal School, is condemned by druggist Charles R. Haig, who alleges that the length and severity of the present system is responsible for the serious illness of his sixteenyear-old daughter Anna. This is Miss Anna's second year in the Normal School, and she belongs to a class that is assigned two hours each alternate week for instruction in the calisthenic department. The girls are all clad in exercise suits of flannel and use light wooden dumbbells and wands for gymnastic purposes. Section 3 consists of sixty girls, the majority of whom have had a year's experience in calisthenic exercises. The delicate pupils, who include a small proportion of the class, are excused from physical exercise on the presentation of a physician's request. On Friday night after her exercise in the calisthenic department, Miss Haig was taken with violent pains in the neck and head. By Saturday the right side of her face was paralyzed. Dr. Ziegler, the family physician, ascribed the paralysis to overindulgence in calisthenic maneuvers. The young lady has suffered very much, and Mr. Haig says that under no circumstances will he allow his daughter to resume physical exercise when she shall return to the Normal School.

The physical exercises are given under the supervision of Miss Grace Spiegle, who is a person of experience in the calisthentic departments attached to public schools, and is known to be very considerate of her pupils. "I distinctly remember that Miss Haig was excused from calisthenics all of last term on the presentation of a physician's certificate that she was unable to indulge in such exercises," said Miss Spiegel, yesterday. "But Section 3 of Class C has only one hour this term in calisthenica. But one hour and fifteen minutes actual time in two weeks is devoted by C 3 to my department. The time is divided in this way: Ten minutes are devoted to the use of the wand and fifteen to explaining the physical movement. This interval rests the scholars and another ten minutes are spent in exercising. The girls then recite a portion of the lesson, and after this second rest a short conversation is indulged in, and the session closes with ten minutes more of exercises. I watch the girls very closely, and any scholar who I think is not capable of enduring the easy exercises I excuse from performing them. Contrary to proving an mjury, it has greatly benefited the young girls, as numbers of them can testify, and they look forward with pleasure to the hour they spend in my department."

Throat Diseases Commence with a cough, cold or sore threat. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate and disbolical strains. After each musical per- | relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.



A PIRATE'S JEWELS.

A Remarkable Story and Its Sequel to Be Heard in Court.

Providence Special. The remarkable adventures of Samuel Cranston many years ago are revived by a case in court involving the possession of certain valuable jewels obtained by Cranston while in servi-tude to a band of buccaneers in the West Indias, Cranston was the son of one of Rhode Island's colonial Governor's, and, when a young man, started on a voyage to Jamaica in quest of fortune and adventure. He took passage on board a trading vessel, which was sighted by a pirate off the coast of Florida. Preparations for a desperate fight were made, Cranston being a leader. The Yankees were outnumbered and the pirates were soon clambering over the ship's side. Eighteen sailors were captured, but so infuriated was the pirate leader over the loss of two or three of his men during the skirmish. that he ordered the prisoners put to death. All except Cranston were butchered, and he was saved simply owing to the caprice of the pirate,

who decided to make Cranston his slave. Cranston thenceforth was a forced associate of the piratical gang, and for seven years went with them on their marauding expeditions. One night, while the gang was lying stupified with drink, he made his escape in an open boat with a small stock of provisions, and for days and nights he crifted about, waiting to be picked up. A Halifax, N. S., trader found him, and some weeks later landed him safely in that port. Arriving at his Newport, R. I., home he was amazed to find his wife preparing to wed a Dr. Russell, and when the long-lest marines rapped on his own door, he found his face was no longer known, and that his wife refused to see the stranger because she was attiring herself for the nuptials. Cranston finally proved his identity, there was a joyous meeting, and that night there was a wedding, but the weatherstained sailor man was groom. Cranston's descendants, who are now struggling among themselves for the possession of the jewels, are well-known people of the State, and it is more than likely that the exciting adventures of their common ancestor will be rehearsed on the trial.

General Harrison.

A final tribute of admiration for the Republican leader, and of gratitude for the part he has taken in the campaign, ought to find expression in every Republican newspaper to-day. Calmly confronting every condition and emergency, meeting the daily exactions of his position before the people with unfailing esqueity and self-respect, responding to every demand upon his mind and heart, preserving his own serenity when thousands were trembling with excitement, and presenting to the world at every moment of action and repose the ideal of a Christian gentleman, General Harrison has confirmed upon a great stage the wisdom of the

party which chose him to lead it. Republicanism has never lacked inspiring leadership; the party is occustomed to being proud of its candidates, and for this reason, perhaps, the temper, the attitude and the utterances of General Harrison have failed to impress his followers with that keep and grateful admiration which honest Democrats would feel if by some divine interference they should ever select a man of his fibre for the Presidency, and prevail upon him to accept their nomination. But every Republican as he goes to the polls . this morning is bound not only to renew his devotion to his party, but to feel and express his obligation for the wise, pure, patriotic and manly leadership under which, as he now believes, his party has won a splendid victory.

England's Oldest Clergymen.

As usual when a venerable clergymen departs this life the fiction about his being "the oldest clergyman in the Church of England" has been revived in the case of Mr. Alexander Fownes Luttrell, who has lately died at the age of ninety-six. As I have before pointed out, this distinction belongs to Mr. Bartholomew Edwards, who is within a few months of completing his century, and Archdeacon Philpet, of Surbiton, who could have given Mr. Luttrell two or three years. Until evidence is offered to the contrary I shall hold that these are truly the Nestors of the church. Mr. Luttrell's record was, however, a remarkable one. His father was a Luttrell of Dunster, member of Parliament for the extinct borough of Minehead, who died in 1816. The late clergyman was ordained in 1817, and had been vicar of East Quantoxhead since that year, seventy-one years age —the only preferment he ever held. His eldest son is sixty-two years old. The manor of East Quantoxhead has been uninterruptedly in the Luttrell family since the time of Henry III, and it need hardly be added that their ancient seat of Dunster Castle, in the north of Somerset, on the fringes of Exmoor, is one of the best-known and most picturesque places in the West of Eng-

Won't Need to Talk Politics Now. New York World.

At Oak View President and Mrs. Cleveland do not talk politics, though Mrs. Folsom, who is an enthusiastic partisan, likes to discuss the situation with visitors, Mrs. Cleveland, though she never speaks of politics to her husband in the presence of a third party, has a great many earnest conversations with her There are illustrations of this process at our | mother on the subject when the President has

Evil Associations Corrupt, Etc.

Philadelphia Becord. Mrs. Nibbs-"I am shocked, Willie Bibbs, to hear you use such awful language; positively shocked. I think it high time your mother took

you in hand." Willie-"Yes, m'm, she has. She told me this morning I must stop 'sociating with your' little boy, 'cause he was makin' me as bad as his-

Newspaper Misfits. Shellman's Progress.

When newspapers are reduced in size to fit their editors and towns, blanket sheets will not be near so frequent. A seven-column newspaper, published in a five-column town, by a threecolumn editor, is enough to make the angels weep copiously.

Well You've Found Out. New York World.

We shall all know to-morrow whether the free-trade bugaboo has any terrors left for the average American voter.

Want of Sleep

Is sending thousands annually to the insane asylum; and the doctors say this trouble is alarmingly on the increase. The usual remedies, while they may give temporary relief, are likely to do more harm than good. What is needed is an Alterative and Blood-purifier. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is incomparably the best. It corrects those disturbances in the circulation which cause sleeplessness, gives increased vitality, and restores the nervous system to a healthful

Rev. T. G. A. Coté, agent of the Mass. Home Missionary Society, writes that his stomach was out of order, his sleep very often disturbed, and some impurity of the blood manifest; but that a perfect cure was obtained by the use

of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Frederick W. Pratt, 424 Washington street, Boston, writes: "My daughter was prostrated with nervous debility. Ayer's Sarsaparilla restored her to

William F. Bowker, Erie, Pa., was cured of nervousness and sleeplessness by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for about two months, during which time his weight increased over twenty pounds.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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